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TAKE YOUR PARTNERS!

A recital of songs and duets with

ILEANA MONTALBETTI *soprano*

CHARLENE SANTONI *soprano*

HEATHER JEWSON *mezzo*

STEPHEN RALLS *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, November 28, 2006

7:30 p.m.

sponsored by



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Programme planning is an intriguing, sometimes maddening, but ultimately rewarding process. When choosing artists for this season's Discovery Series (formerly Young Artists Recitals), we gave ourselves the project of designing a concert for two sopranos and a mezzo. These three voices were brought together in a definitive way in the *Rosenkavalier* trio, so this piece made an obvious culmination of our programme. Tonight's first half consists of duets for the different blendings of our three voices. Having chosen this sequence, the remaining problem was, how to set up the second half so as to conclude with the trio.

We have settled on three groups of songs, one for each of Hofmannsthal's characters. It would have been easy, but not very interesting, to choose a succession of songs by Richard Strauss. Rather, we decided to go for three different composers who would better reflect the three personalities — Schubert songs for Sophie, Brahms for Octavian and, inevitably, Strauss for the Marschallin, the character to whom the composer felt closest. We will explain our choices in the notes for each group.

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ∞

Three duets

Henry Purcell (1659-95),
realised by Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Britten enjoyed bringing his own individual, sometimes quirky, pianistic colour to the songs of Purcell, making them ideal material for a modern recital. These three duets were originally composed in the 1690s. The first was written for Dryden's semi-opera, *King Arthur*. The second, 'No, resistance is but vain', appeared in Southerne's play, *The Maid's Last Prayer*, or *Any rather than Fail*. Purcell's biographer, Robert King, describes the scene in which it occurs as "a public concert of Marx Brothers-like pandemonium" — obviously, the character of the duet is very much tongue-in-cheek. 'What can we poor females do?' appeared as a piece in its own right, attached to no larger work.

Shepherd, leave decoying (*John Dryden*)
(Montalbetti/Santoni)

Shepherd, shepherd leave decoying —
Pipes are sweet as summer's day;
But a little after toying
Women have the shot to pay.

Here are marriage vows for signing,
Set their mark that cannot write;
After that without repining,
Play and welcome day and night.

No, resistance is but vain (*Thomas Southerne*)
(Santoni/Jewson)

No, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain,
And only adds new weight to Cupid's Chain:
A Thousand Ways, a Thousand Arts,
The Tyrant knows to Captivate our Hearts:
Sometimes he Sighs employs, and sometimes tries
The Universal Language of the Eyes:
The Fierce, with Fierceness he destroys:
The Soft with Tenderness decoys.
He kills the Strong with Joy, the Weak with Pain:
No, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain.

What can we poor females do? (*anon.*)
(Montalbetti/Jewson)

What can we poor females do
When pressing, teasing lovers sue?
Fate affords no other way,
Than denying or complying,
And resenting, or consenting,
Does alike our hopes betray.

Four duets

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

The duets of Brahms for female voices cover a wide range of expressive possibilities. In the group we present here, the first and third seem to feature the two voices of one mind: in *Die Meere*, they lament vanished love and in *Phänomen*, encourage an elderly person still capable of new affection. The other two duets are dramatic dialogues. In *Jägerlied*, a passing maiden is increasingly intrigued by the hunter's vehement depression; the end of *Walpurgisnacht* leaves a daughter horrified, while her mother flies into the night on her witch's broom.

Die Meere (Johann Gottfried Herder) Op.20/3
(Santoni/Jewson)

Alle Winde schlafen
Auf dem Spiegel der Flut;
Kühle Schatten des Abends
Decken die Müden zu.

Luna hängt sich Schleier
Über ihr Gesicht,
Schwebt in dämmernden
Träumen
Über die Wasser hin.

Alles, alles stille
Auf dem weiten Meer!
Nur mein Herz will nimmer
Mit zu Ruhe gehn.

In der Liebe Fluten
Treibt es her und hin,
Wo die Stürme nicht ruhen
Bis der Nachen sinkt.

The seas

All the winds are asleep
on the reflecting tide;
cool shadows of evening
blanket the weary ones.

Luna draws a mantle
over her face,
hovering in twilight
dreams
above the water.

Everything, everything is silent
on the broad sea!
Only my heart will never
be at peace.

In love's tide
it drifts hither and thither,
where there is no rest in the storm
until the little boat sinks.

Jägerlied (*Karl August Candidus*) Op.66/4
(Santoni/Montalbetti)

Jäger, was jagst du die
Häselein?
Häselein jag' ich, das muß so sein.
Jäger, was steht dir im Auge dein?
Tränen wohl sind es, das muß
so sein.
Jäger, was hast du im Herzelein?
Liebe und Leiden, das muß so sein.
Jäger, wann holst du dein
Liebchen heim?
Nimmer, ach nimmer, das muß
so sein.

Huntsman's song

Huntsman, why do you hunt
the hare?
I hunt the hare, it must be so.
Huntsman, what is that in your eye?
They are tears, it must
be so.
Huntsman, what is in your heart?
Love and sorrow, it must be so.
Huntsman, when will you fetch
home your beloved?
Never, ah never, it must
be so.

Phänomen (*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*) Op.61/3
(Montalbetti/Jewson)

Wenn zu der Regenwand
Phöbus sich gattet,
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand
Farbig beschattet.

Im Nebel gleichen Kreis
Seh ich gezogen;
Zwar ist der Bogen weiß,
Doch Himmelsbogen.

So sollst du, muntre Greis,
Dich nicht betrüben:
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,
Doch wirst du lieben.

Phenomenon

When Phoebus is joined
with the wall of rain,
instantly a bow appears
colourfully shaded.

In the clouds I see
an identical circle drawn,
though the bow is white:
yes, heaven's bow.

Do not worry,
cheerful old man;
though your hair is white,
you will still love.

Walpurgisnacht (*Willibald Alexis*) Op.75/4
(Santoni/Montalbetti)

"Lieb Mutter, heut' Nacht heulte
Regen und Wind."
"Ist heute der erste Mai,
liebes Kind!"
"Lieb Mutter, es donnerte
auf dem Brocken oben."
"Lieb Kind, es waren die
Hexen droben."
"Lieb Mutter, ich möcht
keine Hexen sehn."
"Liebes Kind, es ist wohl
schon oft geschehn."
"Liebe Mutter, ob im Dorf
wohl Hexen sind?"
"Sie sind dir wohl näher,
mein liebes Kind."
"Ach Mutter, worauf fliegen
die Hexen zum Berg?"
"Auf Nebel, auf Rauch, auf
loderndem Werg."
"Ach Mutter, was reiten die
Hexen beim Spiel?"
"Sie reiten, sie reiten
den Besenstiel."
"Ach Mutter, was fegten im
Dorfe die Besen!"
"Es sind auch viel Hexen auf'm
Berge gewesen."
"Ach Mutter, was hat es im
Schornstein gekracht!"
"Es flog auch wohl Eine
hinaus über Nacht."
"Ach Mutter, dein Besen war die
Nacht nicht zu Haus."
"Lieb's Kind, so war er zum
Brocken hinaus."
"Ach Mutter, dein Bette war
leer in der Nacht!"
"Deine Mutter hat oben auf
dem Blocksberg gewacht."

Walpurgisnacht

"Dear mother, last night was
rainy and windy."
"Today is the first of May,
dear child."
"There was thunder
on the Brocken."
"Dear child, there were
witches up there."
"I don't want to see
witches."
"Dear child, they are
quite common."
"Are there witches in
the village?"
"Even closer,
dear child."
"How do they fly up to
the mountain?"
"On mist, on smoke, on
flaming flax."
"What do they ride at their
revels?"
"They ride
broomsticks."
"Yesterday I saw many brooms
in the village."
"There were many witches
on the Brocken, too."
"How the chimney
crackled!"
"Maybe someone flew
out in the night."
"Oh mother, your broom was
not there last night."
"Dear child, it had gone
to the Brocken."
"Your bed was empty
last night."
"Your mother was keeping guard
up on the mountain."

La Mort d'Ophélie (*Shakespeare paraphrased by Ernest Legouvé*) Op.18/2
Hector Berlioz (1803-69)

(Santoni/Jewson)

Berlioz is celebrated as a composer of music in the largest forms, both operatic and symphonic. But songs were a recurring aspect of his output and his works in this genre contributed significantly to the development of French song, from simple strophic romances to the sophisticated *mélodies* of the late nineteenth century. This duet, dating from the late 1840s, is one of Berlioz's most evocative vocal works. His enthusiasm for Shakespeare, of course, dated back to his infatuation with the actress, Harriet Smithson. This setting of Ophelia's death scene exists in various forms, for solo voice, duet or chorus, with piano and with orchestra.

The death of Ophelia

Auprès d'un torrent, Ophélie
Cueillait tout en suivant le bord,
Dans sa douce et tendre folie,
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle
Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.

Puis, élevant sur ses mains blanches
Les rians trésors du matin,
Elle les suspendait aux branches,
Aux branches d'un saule voisin;
Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie,
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie
Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.

Quelques instants, sa robe enflée
La tint encor sur le courant,
Et, comme une voile gonflée,
Elle flottait toujours chantant,
Chantant quelque vieille ballade,
Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade,
Née au milieu de ce torrent.

Mais cette étrange mélodie
Passa, rapide comme un son.
Par les flots la robe
alourdie

Bientôt dans l'abîme profond
Entraînat la pauvre insensée,
Laisant à peine commencée
Sa mélodieuse chanson.

Beside a stream Ophelia
picked while following the bank,
in her sweet, gentle madness,
periwinkles, buttercups,
opal-coloured irises
and those pale pink flowers
which they call 'dead men's fingers'.

Then, lifting in her white hands
the morning's laughing treasures,
she hung them on the branches,
the branches of a nearby willow;
but, too weak, the bough bent,
broke, and poor Ophelia
fell, her garland in her hand.

For a few moments her billowing robe
still held her on the tide
and, like a sail full of the breeze,
she floated, all the while singing,
singing some old ballad,
singing just like a naiad,
born in the midst of the stream.

But this strange melody
faded away, as quickly as a bell-tone.
Through the waves her
weighed-down robe
soon into the deep abyss
drew the poor mad creature,
leaving scarcely begun
her melodious song.

Two Ballads

Britten

(Montalbetti/Jewson)

Britten's title is indicative of the origin of the musical form of these two pieces. They stem from the conventions of Victorian parlour music. The texts, however, are up-to-the-minute mid-twentieth century in mood. *Mother Comfort* (as in some of the Brahms duets) presents the two halves of a personality, here endlessly debating the wisdom of amatory action: "Oh that a single life could be both Yes and No". The indecision of this poem (by the librettist of *Peter Grimes*) is swept away by W.H.Auden's bold advice: "Coldest love will warm to action,/Walk then, come, no longer numb,/Into your satisfaction."

Mother Comfort (*Montagu Slater*)

Dear, shall we talk or will that cloud the sky?
 Will you be Mother Comfort or shall I?
 If I should love him where would our lives be?
 And if you turn him out at last then friendship pity me!

My longing, like my heart, beats to and fro,
 Oh that a single life could be both Yes and No,
 Ashamed to grant and frightened to refuse —
 Pity has chosen: Power has still to choose.

But darling, when that stretched-out will is tired
 Surely your timid prettiness longs to be overpower'd?
 Sure gossips have this sweet facility
 To tell transparent lies and, without pain, to cry.

Underneath the abject willow (*W.H. Auden*)

Underneath the abject willow,
 Lover sulk no more;
 Act from thought should quickly follow;
 What is thinking for?
 Your unique and moping station
 Proves you cold;
 Stand up and fold
 Your map of desolation.

Bells that toll across the meadows
 From the sombre spire,
 Toll for those unloving shadows
 Love does not require.
 All that lives may love; why longer
 Bow to loss
 With arms across?
 Strike and you shall conquer.

Geese in flocks above you flying
 Their direction know;
 Brooks beneath the thin ice flowing
 To their oceans go;
 Coldest love will warm to action,
 Walk then come,
 No longer numb,
 Into your satisfaction.



INTERMISSION

Four songs (Santoni)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

When we first meet Sophie in the second act of *Der Rosenkavalier*, she is about to be presented by Octavian with a silver rose, symbol of her betrothal to Baron Ochs (who turns out to be an uncouth ogre, thankfully sent packing in Act III). The language of flowers is of great importance to the girl. We hear her initial exuberance about all that they convey in our first song. Next, the rose itself laments the fate of being exposed too soon to an oppressive admirer. Then, we present Sophie in the guise of two other girls in Schubert's gallery of female creations: Blanka, who (perhaps attracted by the young Octavian) knows not whether to laugh or cry, and Delphine, who in one continuous outburst foresees her passionate life devoted to the young man — "The smallest part of me, from my head to the soles of my feet, is dedicated to you alone." (This song is unique in Schubert's oeuvre in being set in the vocal range which we associate with Strauss's Sophie.)

Die Blumensprache (*Eduard Platner?*) D519

The language of flowers

Es deuten die Blumen des Herzens
 Gefühle,
 Sie sprechen manch' heimliches Wort,
 Sie neigen sich traulich am
 schwankenden Stiele,
 Als zöge die Liebe sie fort.
 Sie bergen verschämt sich im
 deckenden Laube,
 Als hätte verraten der Wunsch
 sie dem Raube.
 Sie deuten im leise bezaubernden
 Bilde
 Der Frauen, der Mädchen Sinn;
 Sie deuten das Schöne, die
 Anmut, die Milde,
 Sie deuten des Lebens Gewinn:
 Es hat mit der Knospe, so
 heimlich verschlungen,
 Der Jüngling die Perle der
 Hoffnung gefunden.
 Sie weben der Sehnsucht, des
 Harmes Gedanken
 Aus Farben ins
 duftige Kleid,
 Nichts frommen der Trennung
 gehässige Schranken,
 Die Blumen verkünden das Leid.
 Was laut nicht der Mund, der
 bewachte, darf sagen,
 Das waget die Huld sich in
 Blumen zu klagen.

Flowers show what the heart is
 feeling,
 they speak many a secret word.
 They droop intimately on
 their swaying stems
 as though impelled by love.
 They hide bashfully in the
 concealing foliage,
 as though desire had betrayed
 them to the ravisher.

They embody, in a soft bewitching
 image, the natural disposition
 of women and maidens.
 They stand for beauty, grace and
 gentleness,
 they stand for the rewards of life:
 like the bud, hidden away so
 secretly,
 youth finds in them the pearl of
 hope.

Their fragrant dress is colourfully
 interwoven
 with thoughts of longing and
 of grief.
 The hateful barriers of separation
 do not matter,
 for flowers proclaim our sorrow.
 What we may not say aloud, with
 our guarded speech,
 kindness may dare to lament,
 with flowers.

Die Rose (*Friedrich von Schlegel*) D745

The Rose

Es lockte schöne Wärme,
 Mich an das Licht zu wagen,
 Da brannten wilde Glutten,
 Das muß ich ewig klagen.
 Ich konnte lange blühen
 In milden heitern Tagen;
 Nun muß ich frühe welken,
 Dem Leben schon entsagen.

The lovely warmth lured
 me to venture forth into the light;
 but a fierce heat burned there,
 which I must ever rue.
 I might blossom for a long time
 in the mild bright days;
 now I must wither early,
 my life renounced already.

Es kam die Morgenröte,
 Da ließ ich alles Zagen
 Und öffnete die Knospe,
 Wo alle Reize lagen.
 Ich konnte freundlich duften
 Und mein Krone tragen,
 Da ward zu heiß die Sonne,
 Die muß ich drum verklagen.

Was soll der milde Abend?
 Muß ich nun traurig fragen.
 Er kann mich nicht mehr retten,
 Die Schmerzen nicht verjagen.
 Die Röte ist verblichen,
 Bald wird mich Kälte nagen.
 Mein kurzes junges Leben
 Wollt' ich noch sterbend sagen.

The dawn came;
 I plucked up all my courage,
 and opened the bud,
 in which all my charms lay concealed.
 I could have spread fragrance
 and worn my crown.
 But then the sun grew too hot;
 for that I must complain.

What good is the cool evening,
 I must now sadly ask.
 It can no longer save me,
 or dispel my grief.
 The sunset glow has paled;
 soon the cold air will nip me.
 Though I die, I wish to tell
 about my short young life.

Blanka (F. von Schlegel) D631

Wenn mich einsam Lüfte
 fächeln,
 Muß ich lächeln,
 Wie ich kindisch tändelnd kose
 Mit der Rose.

Wären nicht die neuen
 Schmerzen,
 Möcht ich scherzen;
 Könnt' ich, was ich ahnde,
 sagen,
 Würd' ich klagen,

Und auch bange hoffend fragen:
 Was verkünden meine Lose?
 Tändl' ich gleich mit Scherz
 und Rose,
 Muß ich lächelnd dennoch klagen.

When I am alone and fanned
 by the breezes,
 I must smile,
 as, like a child, I playfully
 fondle the rose.

If it were not for
 new grief,
 I would laugh and jest;
 If I could say what
 I feel,
 I would lament

and ask with anxious hope:
 what is my future?
 For if I linger with jests
 and roses,
 I must yet lament as I smile.

Lied der Delphine (*Christian Wilhelm von Schütz*) D857/1

Delphine's song

Ach, was soll ich Beginnen
Vor Liebe?
Ach, wie sie innig durchdringet
Mein Innres!

Siehe, Jüngling, das Kleinste
Vom Scheitel
Bis zur Sohl' ist dir einzig
Geweiht.

O Blumen! Blumen! verwelket,
Euch pfl eget
Nur, bis sie Lieb' erkennet,
Die Seele.

Nichts will ich tun, wissen
und haben,
Gedanken
Der Liebe, die mächtig mich fassen
Nur tragen.

Immer sinn' ich, was ich aus
Inbrust
Wohl könne tun.
Doch zu sehr hält mich Liebe
im Druck,
Nichts läßt sie zu.

Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich
erst leben,
Und sterbe.
Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich
hell brennen,
Und welke.

Wozu auch Blumen reihen
und wässern?
Entblättert!
So sieht, wie Liebe mich entkräftet,
Sein Spähen.

Der Rose Wange will bleichen,
Auch meine,
Ihr Schmuck zerfällt, wie
erscheinen
Die Kleider.

Ach, Jüngling, da du mich erfreuest
Mit Treue,
Wie kann mich mit Schmerz
so bestreuen
Die Freude?

Ah, how shall I begin,
for love?
Ah, how profoundly it penetrates
my inmost being?

See, young man, the smallest part of me,
from my head
to the soles of my feet,
is dedicated to you alone.

O flowers, fade!
The soul
tends you
only until it knows love.

I wish to do nothing, know nothing,
have nothing;
all I wish is to cherish
thoughts of love, which has held
me in its power.

I forever reflect on what else
I might do
in my ardour,
but love holds me too tightly in
its grasp,
it permits me nothing,

Now that I am in love, I desire
first to live,
then to die,
Now that I am in love, I desire
first to burn brightly,
then to wither,

What is the good of planting and
watering rows of flowers?
They are stripped of their leaves!
Thus he sees how love
weakens me.

The rose's cheek will fade,
and so, too, will mine.
Her lustre is ruined,
as clothes
grow threadbare.

Ah, young man, if you bring me joy
with your devotion
how can that joy
fill me
with such pain?

Five songs

Brahms

(Jewson)

The adolescent Octavian is advanced, psychologically, beyond his years by his devotion to the older Marie Therese: the Marschallin. He sings in praise of her, his 'Queen' — but then is somewhat abashed to hear his lover (Therese) reply in very quizzical fashion. His rejoinder, a courtly sonnet, reaches back into his own French ancestry: "If only I could forget her!" Sophie appears and, suddenly, a breath of true love, expressed in a Bohemian folksong, blows in. Finally, all of Octavian's passion for the young girl is revealed: "My soul sings many a love-drunk song."

Wie bist du, meine Königin (*Georg Friedrich Daumer*) Op.32/9

Wie bist du, meine Königin,
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!
Du lächle nur, Lenzdüfte
wehn

Durch mein Gemüte, wonnevoll!

Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz,
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinigen?
Ach, über alles, was da blüht,
Ist deine Blüte wonnevoll!

Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort
Ohn Ende brüte,
wonnevoll!

Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!
Es ist ihm ja selbst der Tod,
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual
Die Brust durchwüte,
wonnevoll!

How blissful you are, my queen,
because of your gentle goodness!
Merely smile, and spring fragrance
wafts

blissfully through my spirit!

Shall I compare the brightness
of freshly blooming roses to yours?
Ah, soaring over all that blooms
is your bloom, blissful!

Wander through dead wastelands,
and green shade will be spreading —
even if fearful sultriness
broods there without end —
blissfully!

Let me die in your arms!
It is in them that Death itself —
even if the sharpest pain
rages in my breast —
is blissful!

Therese (*Gottfried Keller*) Op.86/1

Du milchjunger Knabe, wie
schaust du mich an?
Was haben deine Augen für
eine Frage getan!
Alle Ratsherrn in der Stadt und
alle Weisen der Welt
Bleiben stumm auf die Frage,
die deine Augen gestellt!
Eine Meermuschel liegt auf
dem Schrank meiner Bas':
Da halte dein Ohr d'ran, dann
hörst du etwas!

You beardless boy, why do you
look at me so?
How questioning your
eyes!
All the councillors of the town and
all the wise men in the world
would be struck dumb by the
question your eyes pose!
A seashell lies on my cousin's
cabinet;
press your ear to it; then
you'll hear something!

Ein Sonett (13th c. French, trans. Herder) Op. 14/4

A sonnet

Ach könnt ich, könnte vergessen sie,
 Ihr schönes, liebes, liebliches Wesen,
 Den Blick, die freundliche Lippe die!
 Vielleicht ich möchte genesen!

Doch ach, mein Herz,
 Mein Herz kann es nie!
 Und doch ist's Wahnsinn zu
 hoffen sie!

Und um sie schweben,
 Gibt Mut und Leben,
 Zu weichen nie.

Und denn, wie kann ich vergessen sie,
 Ihr schönes, liebes, liebliches Wesen.
 Den Blick, die freundliche Lippe die?
 Viel lieber nimmer genesen!

Ah, if I could I would forget her,
 her fine, dear, lovely being,
 her glance, her friendly lips!
 I might perhaps be healed!

Yet, ah, my heart,
 my heart never can!
 And yet to hope for her
 is madness!

And to hover near her
 gives zest and courage
 to never waver!

And then, how can I forget her,
 her fine, dear, lovely being,
 her glance, her friendly lips?
 Much better never to be healed!

Der Gang zum Liebchen, Op.48/1 (Bohemian folksong)

On the way to my sweetheart

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
 ich sollte doch wieder
 Zu meinem Liebchen, wie
 mag es ihr geh'n?
 Ach weh', sie verzaget und
 klaget, und klaget,
 Daß sie mich nimmer im
 Leben wird seh'n!

Es ging der Mond unter,
 ich eilte doch munter,
 Und eilte daß keiner
 mein Liebchen entführt.
 Ihr Täubchen, o girret, ihr
 Lüftchen, o schwirret,
 Daß keiner mein Liebchen,
 mein Liebchen entführt!

The moon shines down,
 and I'm off to
 see my sweetheart again — how is
 she, I wonder?
 Alas, she is weeping and
 wailing that
 she'll never see me again
 in her life!

The moon has gone down and
 I hurry on eagerly,
 so that no one can take my
 sweetheart away.
 You doves, coo, you breezes,
 whistle,
 that no one may steal my
 sweetheart away!

Meine Liebe ist grün (*Felix Schumann*) Op. 63/5

Meine Liebe ist grün wie
 der Fliederbusch,
 Und mein Lieb ist schön wie
 die Sonne;
 Die glänzt wohl herab auf den
 Fliederbusch
 Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit
 Wonne.
 Meine Seele hat Schwingen der
 Nachtigall,
 Und wiegt sich in blühendem
 Flieger,
 Und jauchzet und singet vom
 Duft berauscht
 Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My love is green as
 the lilac,
 and my love is fair as
 the sun;
 the sun gleams down
 on the lilac
 and fills it with scent
 and joy.
 My soul has nightingale's
 wings
 and sways in blossoming
 lilac.
 exults and, scent-enraptured,
 sings
 many a love-drunk song.

**Three songs**
(Montalbetti)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

The Marschallin's feelings for Octavian are beset from the start by a fatal knowledge that their love must succumb to the twenty-year difference in their ages. In the three songs we have allotted her, she is at first tender to her sweetheart, then fearful that he will be stolen from her. The final inexorability of winter's ice, real or metaphorical, brings home that "the aging heart will grow young no more."

Ich trage meine Minne (*Karl Henckell*) Op.32/1

Ich trage meine Minne vor
 Wonne stumm
 im Herzen und im Sinne mit
 mir herum.
 Ja, daß ich dich gefunden,
 du liebes Kind,
 das freut mich alle Tage, die
 mir beschieden sind.
 Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
 kohlschwarz die Nacht,
 hell leuchtet meiner Liebe
 goldsonnige Pracht.
 Und lügt auch die Welt in
 Sünden, so tut mir's weh,
 die arge muß erblinden vor deiner
 Unschuld Schnee.

I carry my love in heart
 and thought,
 with mute
 rapture.
 Finding you, sweet
 child,
 will delight me all the days
 that are allotted to me.
 Though skies be dim, coal-black
 the night,
 my love shines like the
 golden sun.
 Though the world is false and
 sinful, I'm sorry —
 the bad must be blinded by
 your snow-white purity.

Die Nacht (*Hermann von Gilm*) Op. 10/3

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
 Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
 Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
 Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
 Alle Blumen, alle Farben
 Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die
 Garben
 Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
 Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
 Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
 Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
 Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
 O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
 Dich mir auch.

Night

Night steps from the woods,
 slips softly from the trees,
 gazes about her in a wide circle,
 now beware.

All this world's lights,
 all flowers, all colours
 she extinguishes, and steals
 the sheaves
 from the field.

All that is fair she takes,
 the silver from the stream,
 from the cathedral's copper roof
 the gold.

The bush stands plundered,
 draw nearer, soul to soul;
 oh, I fear the night will also steal
 you, too, from me.

Mein Herz ist stumm (*Adolf Friedrich von Schack*) Op. 19/6

Mein Herz ist stumm, mein Herz
 ist kalt,
 Erstarrt in des Winters Eise;
 Bisweilen in seiner Tiefe
 nur wallt
 Und zittert und regt sich's leise.
 Dann ist's, als ob ein mildes Tau'n
 Die Decke des Frostes
 breche;
 Durch grünende Wälder,
 blühende Au'n
 Murmeln von neuem die Bäche.
 Und Hörnerklang, von Blatt
 zu Blatt
 Vom Frühlingswinde getragen,
 Dringt aus den Schluchten ans
 Ohr mir matt,
 Wie ein Ruf aus seligen Tagen.

My heart is dumb, my heart
 is cold,
 frozen in winter's ice;
 sometimes, but only in its
 depths, it seethes,
 trembles, and stirs quietly.

Then it is as if a gentle dew
 has melted through the cover
 of frost;
 through green woods and
 blooming meadows
 the brook murmurs anew.

And the sound of horns,
 carried from leaf to leaf
 by the spring wind,
 echoes faintly in my ears from
 the ravines,
 like a cry from happier days.

Doch das alternde Herz wird
jung nicht mehr,
Das Echo sterbenden Schalls
Tönt ferner, immer ferner her,
Und wieder erstarrt
liegt alles.

Yet the aging heart will
grow young no more;
the echo of a dying sound
fades into the distance
and once again everything lies
frozen.



Trio: Marie Theres'! - Hab' mir's gelobt (*Hugo von Hofmannsthal*)
(*Der Rosenkavalier*, Act III)

Strauss

At the climax of Act III of *Der Rosenkavalier*, the Marschallin selflessly surrenders her young lover to Sophie: "I chose to love him in the right way, so that I would love even his love for another." Sophie is overawed: "I would like to kneel before that lady, and yet would harm her — she gives me him, and yet keeps something of him at the same time." Octavian realises he cannot ask for guidance from the older woman: "I dare not ask her — and then I look at you, Sophie, and see you only, and know nothing but that I love you."



About The Aldeburgh Connection

The second of our Discovery Recitals will take place on January 30, 2007, at 7:30 pm in Walter Hall. Singers are soprano **Eve-Lyn de la Haye** and baritone **Benjamin Covey** with **Bruce Ubukata**, piano, in a programme including Vaughan Williams's *Songs of Travel*, Fauré's *L'Horizon chimérique*, Howells's *In Green Ways*, Poulenc's *La Courte paille*, and duets. Tickets are \$16/\$11 seniors and students, and may be purchased from the Faculty of Music box office at (416) 928-3744.

We also present a series of Sunday afternoon concerts in Walter Hall. Each programme is built around a musical, historical or literary theme. On December 3, singers **Nathalie Paulin**, **Anita Krause**, **Colin Ainsworth** and **Brett Polegato** will appear together in a programme entitled *Masques et bergamasques* — music by Gabriel Fauré and Reynaldo Hahn. Our *Schubertiad* this year (January 14) marks the centenary of the birth of Greta Kraus, to whom these annual celebrations are dedicated. **Gillian Keith** and **Tyler Duncan** will be with us for this concert. On February 18 we move to the MacMillan Theatre to celebrate our own 25th anniversary, in a gala concert called *The Anniversary Waltz*. **Monica Whicher**, **Norine Burgess**, **Colin Ainsworth** and **Russell Braun** will be joined by other spe-

cial surprise guests in a programme of music in three-quarter time. We finish the season back in Walter Hall on April 29 with *The Care of a Genius*, a concert of songs by Sir Edward Elgar, with **Shannon Mercer, Susan Platts and Giles Tomkins**.

For information, tickets, or a season brochure, please call (416) 735-7982 or book on-line at www.aldeburghconnection.org.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Ileana Montalbetti, from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, is an Opera Diploma student at the University of Toronto, studying with Lorna MacDonald. Earlier this month, she appeared as Rosalinde in *Die Fledermaus* for the University of Toronto Opera Division. Over this last summer she sang Donna Anna in both the Saskatoon Opera and the Toronto Summer Music Academy and Festival's productions of *Don Giovanni*. Last season, Ileana sang the Countess in *The Marriage of Figaro* for the University of Toronto Opera Division and Ida in Saskatoon Opera's production of *Die Fledermaus*. In August 2005 she represented Manitoba at the Kiwanis National Music Festival and placed 1st in the vocal category. In 2003, she sang the role of First Lady in the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's production of *The Magic Flute*. She has appeared with the Winnipeg Gilbert & Sullivan Society, the Manitoba Opera chorus and the University of Manitoba Opera Workshop. Ileana has a Vocal Performance Degree from the University of Manitoba and is supported by the Saskatchewan Arts Board.

Charlene Santoni is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario. She sang the role of Miss Wordsworth in their 2004 production of Britten's *Albert Herring*, going on to sing Konstanze in Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* with Opera NUOVA. She made her professional debut with Edmonton Opera as Bubikopf in *The Emperor of Atlantis*. Ms. Santoni received a Performance Diploma from the University of Manitoba's Opera Apprentice program in 2005, studying with Tracy Dahl, and sang the soprano solo in the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's National Arts Centre production of *Carmina Burana*. She is pursuing a Masters Degree at the University of Toronto studying with Mary Morrison, and has received awards from Winnipeg's Rose Bowl and MRMTA Vocal Competition, the London Music Scholarship Foundation and London's Opera Guild. Charlene sang the role of Rosalinde in the University of Toronto Opera School's November Production of *Die Fledermaus*, she will sing the Queen of the Night in Mozart's *The Magic Flute* with Brampton Lyric Opera next February, and will appear as Madame Goldentrill with Peterborough's Lyric Stage in Mozart's *The Impresario* in April.

Heather Jewson has just finished her first year of the Masters program in Opera at the University of Toronto, where she studies with Jean MacPhail. Her opera credits include Frau Reich in Nicolai's *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, Marcellina in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, Octavian in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, The Sorceress in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, and Hippolyta in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. On the concert stage Heather has recently performed in several recital and opera gala concerts, and her oratorio repertoire includes Handel's *Messiah*, Mozart's *Requiem* and *Coronation Mass* and Rossini's *Petite Messe Solonelle*. In October she was a featured soloist in Toronto's International Bach Festival, under the baton of Maestro Helmuth Rilling, and recently played the role of Prince Orlofsky in Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* at the University of Toronto. Heather holds a Postgraduate Diploma from the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester, England and a BFA in Music from York University.

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, with the English Opera Group where he was selected as chief répétiteur for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice* and played the important solo piano part in the first performances and on the Decca recording. This led to recital appearances with Sir Peter Pears at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and to Mr. Ralls' appointment to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh. His reputation extended to Canada following his appointment in 1978 to the staff of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he is now Musical Director of the Opera Division. He has accompanied Canada's finest singers in numerous concerts, festivals and broadcasts. He has also worked with the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His recordings include *L'Invitation au voyage*, songs of Henri Duparc, with Catherine Robbin and Gerald Finley, *Songs of Oskar Morawetz*, *The Lyrical Art of Mark Pedrotti*, *The Aldeburgh Connection: Schumann, Brahms and Greer* and *Benjamin Britten: The Canticles*. His recording *Songs of Travel*, with Gerald Finley, won a 1998 JUNO.

The Aldeburgh Connection wishes to thank **RBC** for its support. **RBC's Emerging Artists Support Project** fosters the development of young artists as a future investment in the power of the arts to enrich our lives and enhance our communities.



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